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ROBERT G. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Choice Poetry.

THIS WORLD.

By THOMAS MOORE.

Let's take this world as some wide scene,
Through which, in frail but buoyant boat,
With shies nor dark, and now serene,
Together float, and I must float;
Rebelling out, on either shore,
Bright spots where we should love to stay;
But time flies swift, and flying o'er,
And away we speed away, away.

Should chilling winds and rains come on,
We'll rise our awning 'round the shore,
Sit close till the storm is gone.
And, sailing, wait a summer hour,
And if it comes, low should slide,
Well know we're in danger on our way,
But let's, while it's there, and there,
Gather not, when it fades away.

So shall we reach at last that fall
When all the year's currents all must come
To sink into the void below,
And then that hour shall want its charms,
Its life, its joy, its love, its peace,
And then, in each other's arms,
Together sink, go down to sleep.

GIVE ME SOMETHING TO LOVE.

By FREDERICK LAMMER.

Give me something to love, if it's only a flower,
Which will open its petals for me,
I will watch its unfolding, and for a brief hour
My fond and visionary blossom will be.

Give me something to love, though it's only a bird,
Whose notes of wild music are gentle and low,
I will sit and listen, and call the joys of the part,
And think the warm love is in every note they blow.

Give me something to love, for my heart is sad,
And I am alone, and with its beautiful rest,
And I will sit and listen, and call the joys of the part,
And think the warm love is in every note they blow.

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SATURDAY EVENING.

How sweet the evening shadows fall,
Attending from the west,
And the stars, and the moon,
And the stars, and the moon,
And the stars, and the moon,
And the stars, and the moon,
And the stars, and the moon,
And the stars, and the moon,

Miscellaneous.

Woman.

There is a beauty in the helplessness of woman. The clinging trust which searches for extraneous support, is graceful and touching—fidelity is the attribute of her sex; but to herself it is not without its dangers, its inconveniences, and its sufferings. Her first effort at comparative freedom is bitter enough; for the delicate mind shrinks from any unaccustomed contact, and the warm and gushing heart closes itself, like the blossom of the sensitive plant, at every approach. Man at once determines his position, and asserts his place—woman has hers to seek, and alas! I fear me, that however she may appear to turn a calm brow and a quiet lip to the crowd through which she makes her way, that brow throbs, and that lip quivers to the last; until, like a wounded bird, she can once more wing her way to the tranquil home where the drooping head will be fondly raised, and the fluttering heart laid to rest. The dependence of woman in the common affairs of life, is, nevertheless, rather the effect of custom than necessity; we have many and brilliant proofs that, where need is, she can be sufficient to herself, and play her part in the great drama of existence with credit, if not with comfort. The yearnings of her spirit, the outpourings of her shrinking sensibility, the cravings of her alienated heart, are indulged only in the quiet holiness of her solitude. The world sees not, guesses not, the conflict; and in the ignorance of others lies her strength. The secret of her weakness is hidden in the depth of her own bosom; and she moves on, amid the heat and hurry of existence, and with a seal upon her nature, to be broken only by fond and loving hands, or dissolved in the tears of recovered home affection.

Bright and Gloomy Hours.

Alas! this beautiful world. Indeed I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and Heaven itself is not far off. And then it changes suddenly, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the sky. In the lives of the saddest of us, there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn in our hearts, nor on our hearths; and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—Longfellow.

Affection, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground at last; and the heart that seeks but for another heart to make it happy, will never sick in vain.

A merchant, examining a hoghead of hardware, on comparing it with the invoice, found it all right except a hammer less than the invoice. "Oh! I don't trouble," said the Irish porter, "sure the hoghead took it out to open the hoghead with."

THE WIDOW AND HER LANDLORD.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

By JAMES B. HARRIS.

"Mother, did not Mr. Allen say he would call to-day for his rent?"
"Yes, my child, and I have but ten dollars to give him."
"Oh! he will take it—I know he will, he is so kind!"
"True, but he is only the agent—hark! some one's at the door."
The daughter having opened it, there entered a plain looking man; indeed, as the eye rested upon him, it became as it were fixed; there was something peculiar in his manner, his look and dress; his hat was not like that of other men, nor was his dress; a degree of negligence was remarked, and if the observer seemed to speak of it by a look, a curl of the lip, and a sort of inward laugh spoke his contempt. Altogether, the individual, as he stood in that little room, was calculated to create two very opposite feelings—respect and dread. He spoke sharp, quick, but low—
"Madam, I have called in the place of Mr. Allen, for the rent—have you got it?"
The poor woman looked astonished—she knew but the agent—here was a total stranger—she hesitated—then remarked, that she "could not pay the money to any one save the agent or the landlord."
"I am the landlord, madam; my receipt, I presume, will be good."
"Oh, sir! I ask your pardon; be seated—I—"
"No excuses, madam, you were perfectly right; I am a stranger to you."
"But, sir, I—I—have not got all the money—I have ten dollars—"
"Well, if that is all you have got, I cannot expect more."
He cast his eye around the neat, comfortable room, while the mother went for the money.
"So, Miss, you never saw the landlord, eh?"
"No sir, only Mr. Allen."
"Do you go to school?"
"Yes, sir, that is sometimes—I have to stay at home to assist mother to work; I have two little brothers, they go to school, and there is no one to work but mother and myself."
"Umph! how old are you?"
"Thirteen, sir."
At that moment the mother entered with the ten dollars, and handed it to the landlord.
"Give me a piece of paper, and pen; I will give you a receipt."
"I do not want one, sir; you are the landlord—I owe you more than that."
"Umph! Yet madam, you should always take receipts for moneys paid, as we know not what may happen. I wish to give you one."
The pen, ink and paper were laid before him.
"There, madam, is a receipt for ten dollars"—he wrote on—"and here is another for the balance of the quarter." The poor woman stared—"and here, madam, is one for two quarters in advance—take it—no thanks—farewell."
The landlord was gone. The widow and her daughter stood as if they were transfixed—so sudden—so unexpected—the man they almost feared, so kind—so generous. She took up the receipts; yes, there they were, signed in a good, full, round hand—The name, gentle reader, is familiar to you; it is a name rendered more dear to all, now that its owner has passed away from amongst us. Yet it will remain—long—long through coming time will that name dwell in our memories, and be cherished as it is by that poor widow—and when she looks at it, and remembers the hour, and how from that bright period hope sprung up in her heart, and the smile of heaven came with its sunlight into her lovely dwelling, will she not bless the name of JOHN PRICE WETHERILL.

The Most Beautiful Hand.—Two charming women were discussing one day what it is which constitutes beauty in the hand. They differed in opinion as much as in the shape of the beautiful member whose merits they were discussing. A gentleman friend presented himself, and, by common consent, the question was referred to him. It was a delicate matter. He thought of Paris and the three goddesses. Glancing from one to the other of the beautiful white hands presented to him—which, by the way, he had the cunning to hold for some time in his own, for purposes of examination—he replied at last: "I give it up—the question is too hard for me; but ask the poor, and they will tell you that the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives."

There are some who assert that, in their isolated position, they have influence on none. But there is no such thing as a thoroughly detached and isolated individual; we are all inextricably tied up and interlarded with each other; so that no man can live or act without affecting others in some degree or some purpose. If they have no power to do good, we would say that it is because they seek it not, and would beseech them to arouse their dormant energies in that search which alone can bring happiness.

Dan Marble, speaking of a young gentleman with monstrosities, said, "He is a creature that wears hair on his upper lip, to keep the spiders from crawling into his hollow squash."

The avocations man is like the barren, sandy ground of the desert, which sucks in all the rain and dews with greediness, but yields no fruitful herbs or plants for the benefit of others.

The best cure for dyspepsia is to collect bills for a newspaper. If that doesn't give you an appetite, you might as well sell your stomach for tripe, and have done with it.

The Lowly and the Loving.

The story of the two men who came to the world.

The world is a great and wonderful place, and the story of the two men who came to the world is a story of the world.

Love has often more influence than talent. The last appeals to the reason, the first to the affections; the last speaks to the intellect, but the first goes straight to the heart. "It is beautiful," exclaims a Swedish author, "to believe ourselves loved, especially by those whom we love and value." Yes, it is beautiful, certainly; but woe to us if we neglect the responsibility attached to it.

It has been truly said, the loving and the unselfish almost insensibly disengage from evil, and persuade to good, all who come within reach of their soothing power; and no one can advance alone towards the happiness or misery of another world; and little can the most insignificant of beings conjecture how extensive may have been the beneficial or evil effects which have attended their own apparently unimportant conduct.

"In the hierarchy of heaven," writes Bishop Horne, "goodness precedes greatness;" so on earth it is often far more powerful. The lowly and the loving may frequently do more in their limited sphere, than the gifted. To yield constantly in little things, begets the same yielding spirit in others, and renders life the happier. We must never forget that we are all appointed to some station which we will fill in this life by the wise Disposer of events, who knows what is suited to our various capacities and talents much better than we do ourselves; and who would not have placed us there if He had not something for us to do. How few there are who live up to their own power of being useful! Earth is our dwelling-place, where each has his or her appointed sphere of usefulness, their mission of love and duty, as they pass homeward to heaven.

Fifteen Young Men.

At a respectable boarding house in New York, a number of years ago, were fifteen young men. Six of them uniformly appeared at the breakfast table on Sabbath morning shaved, dressed and prepared, as to their apparel, for attendance on public worship. They also actually attended, both forenoon and afternoon. All became highly respected and useful citizens. The other nine were ordinarily absent from the breakfast table on Sabbath morning. At noon they appeared at the dinner table shaved and dressed in a decent manner. In the afternoon they went out, but not ordinarily to church; nor were they usually seen in this place of worship. One of them is now living, and in a reputable employment; the other eight became openly vicious. All failed in business, and are now dead. Several of them came to an untimely and awful tragic end.

Many a man may say, as did a worthy and opulent citizen, "The keeping of the Sabbath saved me." It will, if duly observed, save all. In the language of its author, "They shall ride upon the high places of the earth."

The Present Moment.

There is no moment like the present; not only so, but moreover, there is no moment at all, that is, no instant force and energy, but in the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him can have no hope from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost, and perished in the hurry and skurry of the world, or sunk in the slough of indolence.

How very true and beautiful is the expression of this single stanza:
There are some happy moments in the life
That do not come again, and that will fly
The lot of everyone through it and down
For many a long and lonely weary day
They come to the mind like some wild air
Of distant music, when we know not where
Or whence the sounds are brought from, and their
Though brief, is boundless.

Nothing in this world is so fatal to the development of the intellectual powers of the young, as what are called expectations. Take two boys of the same age, and as nearly as may be, of the same capabilities. Inform one that he is the heir to a large fortune, which, one day or other, must come into his possession; tell the other that he has not a sixpence to depend on, but must thrive by his own exertion—and ten years after there will be a mighty difference between them. You will find that one has wrapped up his talent in a napkin, while the other has laid it out at interest.

Diamond Diamond.

A certain Evansville, a few evenings since, boasted to a young lady, that by examining any head, he could tell its "predilections and faculties." Without saying a word, she went out and brought in a cabbage-head; saying, "that's a fine head for you to display your knowledge upon." Not at all disconcerted, he told her "his intellectual faculties were like those of many young ladies, as also were its native propensities. If an opportunity offered he had no doubt it would increase its species. It was naturally more noted for its voracity than anything else; and in short was better suited for the kitchen than the parlor." Which had the best side of the joke we will leave the reader to decide.

Quite a comfortable period of a man's life, is when he has a pretty little wife, one beautiful child, more ready cash than he well knows what to do with, a good conscience, and not even in debt with the printer.

The best cure for dyspepsia is to collect bills for a newspaper. If that doesn't give you an appetite, you might as well sell your stomach for tripe, and have done with it.

Why is twice eleven like twice ten? Because twice eleven is twenty two, and twice ten is twenty, too.

A Legal Anecdote.

S. H. Hammond, editor of the Albany State Register, is writing a series of interesting letters for that paper, from the interior of that State. From one of these, dated at Bath, Steuben county, we take the following laughable anecdote:

I said I studied law in Bath. Let me relate an anecdote connected with the first suit I ever had the honor of appearing in as counsel. My friend, G. H. Rogers, now of this place, was my fellow-student then, and he will pardon me for relating the triumphs of genius of two young men who were seeking distinction under some difficulties. A worthless scamp had been arrested for some misdemeanor—assault and battery, I believe—and being too poor to employ other counsel, applied to my friend Rogers and myself, to defend him, promising to pay us a small fee for assisting him in his trouble.

We readily undertook his defence, promising ourselves no light harvest of reputation from our first effort at forensic eloquence. A jury was summoned, and three magistrates sat in solemn judgment to hear the evidence against our unfortunate client. We had a day to prepare, and the speeches with which we intended to astonish the court and confound the jury, were profoundly studied and reflected upon. Well, the evidence was closed, and, as was arranged beforehand, I rose to address the jury, and my friend was to follow. I got as far as "Gentlemen of the Jury," and there I stuck, like a pig in a fence. Not another sentence of my great speech could I utter, to save me. At length, in despair, I told the jury, "that as I was to be followed by my elder and able associate, I would occupy no more of their time," and sat down in a perfect confusion of shame.

Friend Rogers then rose to deliver his maiden speech. He, too, got as far as "Gentlemen of the Jury," and there stuck, as I had before him. There was no use in trying to go on. The great speech, was gone, not a word of it could be caught, not a sentence could be brought to mind.

He was in a hopeless dilemma, but he extricated himself by saying to the jury that "the case had been so ably summed up by the counsel that had preceded him, that he felt it unnecessary to add a word to the argument," and sat down with the big drops standing on his forehead. We were laughed at some, by those who gathered to hear our maiden efforts. The best of the joke was, that my friend Harry was several years in finding out that he had perpetrated a good thing at my expense.

[N. Y. Dutchman.]

How Much Did He Leave.

This question is asked concerning the property of every rich man that dies, and it is answered very happily by Cloats, who was executor upon the estate of Mr. Snodgrass. His neighbor, Mr. Nailrod, was an exceedingly inquisitive man, and it was his pride that he knew as much, almost, of the affairs of the people of his neighborhood, as they did themselves. But Mr. Snodgrass had never been communicative, and all that he could glean of his circumstances was from the guesses and speculations of outsiders. The day after his neighbor had been put into the earth, Nailrod visited Cloats, and with an expectant face began to question him. Says he:

"Mr. Cloats, if it is not improper—I wouldn't wish to ask the question if it's the least improper, nor expect you to answer it—will you tell me how much my friend, Mr. Snodgrass, left?"
"Certainly," said Cloats, "I don't see the least impropriety in your asking, and am perfectly willing to answer it. He left every cent he was worth in the world, and didn't take a copper with him."
Nailrod felt as small as a pump tick, and went out.—Boston Journal.

What He Thought of Life-Preservers.

An incident occurred on board the steamer May Flower, while lying at the dock on her last trip, which caused considerable merriment among the passengers. A gentleman dressed individual, having paid his fare, and presented his ticket to the steward, received the key of his state-room. Searching out its whereabouts, he found it decorated with three life-preservers, inflated, and ready for use, as are all the rooms on this steamer, and not knowing their utility supposed them horse collars. Indignant at such treatment, he turned to Wornley, the good-natured steward, accusing him, "Look here, Captain, that room you gave me is occupied."

"Well, I know it is, another gentleman has the upper berth assigned to him."
"Well, Captain, do you think I'm going to sleep in a horse stable—the room is hung full of horse collars and harness!"
This was too much for the bystanders and steward, who saw the gentleman's mistake, and after a hearty laugh over the ignorance of the individual, the horse collars were exhibited to him, and their use fully explained, and he walked away satisfied he was badly sold.

Witty Reply.—"What are you going to give me for a Christmas present?" asked a girl of her lover.
"I have nothing to give but my humble self," was the reply.
"The smallest favors are gratefully received," was the merry response of the lady.

"Would you like to subscribe for Dickens' Household Words?" inquired a sombre magazine agent.
"Household words have played the dickens with me long enough," was the reply.

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The surest way to prevent a young couple from marrying is to oppose them. Tell them you "would sooner see them in their graves," and twelve months afterwards, their baby will pass you twice a day in a willow wagon.

Jack and the Chinamen.

We were amused a few evenings since, while rambling down Long Wharf, to observe a scene between a sailor and three Chinamen. A clipper ship just from sea was hauling in, and one of the crew was ordered by the mate to carry a line to a pile-head on the wharf. Jack jumped into the boat, and briskly sculling, with the end of the line in his teeth, caught hold of the pile beneath the wharf, and looking up, found that the tide was too low to admit of his reaching. Three Chinamen had been attentively watching the gradual approach of the sailor, with the attendant noise of orders and replies, the rattle of capstans, windlasses, and pulleys. They were suddenly aroused from their reverie by the gruff voice of the sailor, asking them to take the end of the line.

"Ki! yer! ya! ya!" answered the Celestials, and held out their hands for the coil which Jack prepared to throw. "Look out!" he shouted, and away flew the coil heavy with salt water, and shot from the arm of this Ben Bolt like a shell from a mortar. The coil struck two of the three full in the face, and instead of holding on to it, they retired in haste, shaking the water from their silk garments, as we have seen a cat shake her paws after treading on a wet floor. The consequence was, that the end went overboard as quick as thought, and the enraged sailor sculled back to the ship to recover it again. John Chinaman clutched this excellent fun, and when the boat returned to the wharf Jack repeated the request, adding a few epithets in Chinese, showing that he had seen salt water before that voyage and knew his customers. The result was, that they not only allowed the coil to go overboard again, but with true Chinese instinct began to pelt the sailor with bricks.

We now thought it time to come to the rescue. We reached down and gave Jack a helping hand. Fuming and swearing with rage, he was up the post in a twinkling, and in less time than we could take to tell it, three Celestials were sprawling upon the wharf in an admirable confusion of pigtail, silk frocks, almond eyes, wooden shoes, and yellow plush breeches. Having vented his spite on them, he turned to us, and said, "A good licking does these fellows more good than possum fat and bannan does a nigger," after which classical allusion he shined down into the boat, and soon returned with the line, which we made fast for him. The Celestials had meanwhile decamped.—California Whig.

A Fast People.

The St. Paul Minnesotaan, of the 25th ult., is responsible for the following. It is a fast way of doing business, and beats Australia and California all hollow.

One of Miss E—'s pupils, a young lady, stepped into the school-room the other morning, and commenced gathering up her books, stating that she was compelled to leave the school.

"For what reason?" mildly inquired the astonished teacher.

"Oh, I was married last evening, that's all."

"Why did you not inform me before?"

"For the simple reason," replied the blooming bride, "that I did not know it myself until during the same afternoon—he never asked me till then."

Making the Best of It.

The editor of the Clinton Courant has been on to New York and purchased a poetry pen that won't write "anything else." The following is the first result of Bynner's attempting to write a prose item with "that pen."

A Yankee, out walking in Virginia, at Wheeling, while to himself a talking, experienced a feeling—strange, painful, and alarming!—from his capus to his knees, and he suddenly discovered, he was covered o'er with bees! They rested on his eyelids, and perched upon his nose; they colonized his peaked face, and swarmed upon his clothes. They explored his swelling nostrils, dived deep into his ears; they crawled up his trousers, and filled his eyes with tears! Did he yell like a hyena? Did he holler like a loco? Was he scared, and he 'cut an' run' or did the creature—scream? No, he was not! He wasn't a bit mite; he never swooned—nor hollers; but he hired 'em in a nail-knigh' and sold 'em for two dollars.

Green.—Mr. Editor, I'll thank you to say I keep the best groceries in the city.

Editor.—I'll thank you to supply my family with groceries gratis.

Green.—I thought you were glad to get something to fill up your paper.

Editor.—I thought you were glad to fill your store rooms for nothing. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. Exit green in a rage—threatening to kill the paper.

A resid. of a western town complaining that he could not sleep one night, summed up the cause—"A wailing babe of seventeen days—dog howling under the window—cat fight in the alley—a colored servant at the shanty over the way—a tooth ache, and a pig trying at the back door."

Dr. Cox, speaking of persons who profess to do a great deal for religion without really possessing any, says they resemble Noah's carpenters, who built a ship in which other people were saved, although they were drowned themselves.

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The Pauper Dead of Naples.

A writer in the Cincinnati Gazette gives the following account of a visit to a place where the pauper dead of Naples are now buried:

"About two miles from the city, in a large square place, enclosed by a high wall, there are 306 cistern shaped vaults or pits, with an aperture on the top about 20 or 25 feet deep, by 12 or 15 in diameter, being tightly covered with a heavy stone, and tightly cemented. One of these is removed by a portable lever every day in the year, to receive the dead of that day, and then closed again for a year. They begin to deposit the bodies about six o'clock in the evening, and end at ten. When I got there about ten or twelve people had already been thrown in, and were lying promiscuously as they chanced to fall, with head, body and limbs in every possible attitude, across, over and under each other. An old priest, and three attendants, and a few idle spectators of the common sort, were loitering about."

Shortly after my arrival a box was brought containing the body of a child some four or five years old; its hand held a bunch of flowers and a rose in its mouth. The priest read a short prayer, sprinkled it with holy water, and then walked away; a man then took the little fellow by the neck and heels, and pitched him in as he would a stick of wood, his head struck the curb as it went in, and he fell whirling to the bottom; seeing the flowers that fell from his hand, he took them up and threw them after him. In a few minutes more a man was brought to the mouth of the pit; the priest again prayed and sprinkled, the attendants took him by the head and heels, and down he went.

Then followed another child like the first, and I was about leaving the ground, when a fourth subject arrived. The lid of the box was thrown back, and it was the body of a young and handsome female. She was apparently about twenty, and died evidently of short illness. Her arms and face were round and full, and she appeared more asleep than dead. The prayers and holy water were again in requisition; the attendants took her roughly up and tossed her in. I immediately stepped to the mouth of the vault and looked down; her limbs and those of the dead below, which she had disturbed by her fall, were still in motion. Her head was slowly turning, and her hair, which was long, black and luxuriant, was settling in thick clusters across a very white and naked body lying near her. For a moment the whole horrid mass seemed instinct with life, and crawling on the bottom of its lathsome chamber house. I had seen enough; sick and disgusted I turned away, and moralizing on the difference between such an interment and a peaceful one in our own beautiful cemetery, at Spring Grove, I mounted my volante and returned to Naples, meeting on the road some half dozen boxes, great and small, containing more victims for that insatiable man who opens his mouth but once a year to be gorged with his dreadful banquet.

The bodies thus interred are generally from the Hospital, and the sight can be witnessed by any one 365 times a year. Before the pit is closed, quick flame is thrown in, and nothing but bones are there when it is again opened.

Chinese Food.

A writer on China mentions that the modes of living among the Chinese are exceedingly curious, differing materially according to the rank and wealth of the people; but that the extremes of luxury and misery are nowhere more ludicrously contrasted. Those who can afford to purchase rare and expensive delicacies, grudge no cost for them, as is proved by the price paid for edible bird's nests, (glutinous compositions, formed by a kind of swallow, in vast clusters, found in caves in the Nicobar and other islands,) \$500 being sometimes given for a picul, weighing one hundred and thirty five pounds and three quarters. In the streets, multitudes of men are employed in preparing these for sale, with a pair of tweezers, plucking from them every hair, or fibre of feather, or extraneous matter; and at the same time, carefully preserving the form of the nests, by pushing through them very slender strips of bamboo. Shark's fins are highly prized, and when dried they fetch a great price. The beebe-dam-ner, (a horrid-looking black scab-log,) brought from the Pacific Islands, is exceedingly esteemed by Chinese epicures. But while the rich fare thus sumptuously, the mass of the poor subsist on the vilest garbage. The heads of fowls, their entrails, their feet, with every scrap of digestible animal matter, earth-worms, sea reptiles of all kinds, rats, and other vermin, are greedily devoured. We have noticed lots of black frogs, in half dozens, tied together, exposed for sale in shallow troughs of water. We have seen the hind quarter of a horse hung up in a butcher's shop, with the recommended of a whole leg attached. A lodger in our hotel complains, that his bed room being over a kitchen, he is grievously annoyed in the morning by the noises of dogs and cats, which are slaughtered below for the day's consumption—but not at our table. Not a bone or green leaf is ever seen in the street; some are or other is found for everything that would be refused elsewhere.

Sick and Tired on Both Sides.

"I have brought up this bill until I am sick and tired of it," said a collector to a debtor, upon whom he had called at least forty times.

"You are, eh?" coolly replied the debtor.

"Yes, I am!" was the response.

"Well then, you had better not present it again. There will be two of us played if you do not; for to tell the truth, I'm sick and tired of seeing that identical bill myself."

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COL. M'CLURE'S SPEECH AT HUNTINGDON.

Col. A. K. M'Clure, the Whig Candidate for Auditor General, delivered a speech at Huntingdon, on the occasion of the meeting of the Whig State Convention, from which we make the following extract:

But it is not only our national policy that retards our progress. Powerfully as it has contributed to that end, we have been cherishing a State policy that has been no less fruitful of injury. Our State administration, which came into power pledged to economy and reform, seems to have no high ambition than to swell our indebtedness.

It must grate harshly upon the ears of those who repudiated the eminently successful administration of Wm. B. Johnston, when they are told that their great champion of retrenchment is likely to increase our State debt at the rate of a million a year. Nearly his first official act was to sign a bill for a loan; and at this time, with nearly half a year before him, he has appropriated amounts to nearly \$3,000,000. I repeat that this amount has not been added to the funded debt of the State, for \$1,000,000 was borrowed to pay \$1,000,000 of debt; but when it is remembered that nearly all of the balance is to swell our enormous indebtedness, tell me how the bold professions of the administration are to be reconciled with the official acts. It will be to say that Gov. Bigler and his party have merely "anticipated the revenue" to meet present demands. We have been anticipating our revenue—until we have nearly two millions of debt upon our shoulders. And nine times out of ten, when our administration modestly demands that our revenues be anticipated, the plain English of the request is, "stop payment." It is the end of the chapter yet visible. The North Branch Canal is yet unfinished, and the Allegheny road is just commenced. Both are in the hands of the Democracy; both have been used to reward political merit without regard to cost, and when both are completed, our debt must be swelled from three to five millions under present management.

If our public improvements would justify this policy, and give reasonable assurance of remuneration, even then I would not be prepared to approve an increase of our debt; but when I consider that our improvements have been to be a source of revenue, and that they are claimed and used by the Democracy solely for personal and political aggrandizement, I could wish that I had a voice like thunder to protest against it. Let us glance at our public works. Our present debt of \$42,000,000, as appears by the records, dates its foundation about 1821, when public improvements became the order of the day. That it has been increased principally by the construction and maintenance of our public works, is not to be denied; and what has been our reason? The interest on our debt, at 5 per cent, is over \$2,000,000, and our improvements have for the first time yet to net a half that sum. That they might yield a million or more, I am fully persuaded; but under the present system of management they are a curse to the State. Prior to 1848, as far back as I have examined the official records, our public works were kept up at a cost ranging from \$500,000 to \$700,000 per annum. Since then, they have never required less than \$1,000,000 annually; and sometimes they have cost us over \$2,000,000. I will give the revenue and expenses for the last five years:

1848. Total Revenue	\$1,550,000
Expenses	1,025,000
Balance over expenses	525,000
1849. Total Revenue	1,800,000
Expenses	1,000,000
Balance over expenses	800,000
1850. Total Revenue	1,700,000
Expenses	1,500,000
Balance over expenses	200,000
1851. Total Revenue	1,700,000
Expenses	1,700,000
Balance over Revenue	200,000
1852. Total Revenue	2,300,000
Expenses	2,000,000

By this official statement, taken from the Annual Reports of the Auditor General, we see that during the last five years, our public improvements have yielded the Commonwealth an aggregate of only \$825,000, or but \$165,000 per annum; which would not pay the interest on \$3,500,000 of our State debt at 5 per cent. It is true that during the years '51 and '52 a little over a million was appropriated to the North Branch Canal, which, if deducted from the expenses, would leave \$500,000 of revenue instead of \$500,000 of excess expenditures; but a singular feature in the statement of expenditures presents everything in confusion; and renders it impossible to do exact justice to the subject. Since the cost of maintaining the public works has been increased so alarmingly, certain expenditures are withheld from the public each year, and crowded into subsequent statements in the most vague and unsatisfactory manner.

Taken for instance, the year 1850, which appears, according to the Auditor General's Report, as yielding \$200,000 from the public works, above expenses; but in the Report for '51, we find over \$900,000 in the statement of expenses for that year, as having been paid for debts "prior to December, 1850!" So a true statement for that year would show that the expenses for that year were \$700,000 more than the revenue! Turn again to the Report for '52, and we find \$670,000 paid for "undry expenses incurred prior to 1850 and 1851!" This swells the expenses for 1850 to \$2,400,000, when we had but \$1,700,000 of revenue, and when the Auditor General was made to report a net revenue of \$200,000!

And for the year 1851, it makes an actual outlay of \$1,970,000, exclusive of the \$300,000 added on it for the previous year. And what of 1852? Who can tell whether a million will cover the expenses reserved for the future statement? or who can say that there are not several millions of floating debts yet unknown to our official records, which have been contracted for our public works? The managers of our improvements were afraid to let the cost for the year '50 come before the public in one lump, or even two lumps, for to find in the statements for both '51 and '52, sundry expenses paid for that year. And may there not be unestimated expenses still back for '51?—at least three millions have we that all the expenses for '51 and '52 have been paid? But to this I only say that this

this matter can present, we can arrive at no other conclusion than that, independent of all extraordinary appropriations, for prosecuting new works, the public improvements are adding the Commonwealth every year deeper and deeper in debt. Notwithstanding the mystery in which the reports are purposely involved, this fact is apparent, and admits of no denial; but they can, and they doubtless do, withhold from the public the exact amount of debt they actually throw upon the State. In the brief space of five years we see the cost of maintaining our public works swelled from \$700,000 to over \$2,000,000; and if this species of Democratic progression is to be continued for five years more, it will require the sale of the works, and exhaust all the proceeds, to pay the debt incurred in merely keeping them up.

This condition of affairs has been brought about by the most unbounded prodigality and corruption. For years our public improvements have been made a mere rendezvous for the passions and passions of the Democracy; and the means of fostering the most extensive and high-headed selfishness. So notorious have our officers on our public works become for dishonesty, that we cannot now merely ascribe to a personal connection with them; or if he does accept one, it costs him whatever reputation for integrity he may have acquired. They are prostituted into a mere political engine, and made to contribute only to the political power and private fortunes of those controlling them. They have been destroyed as a source of revenue, because the private interests of officers and their friends have to be advanced at whatever cost to the Commonwealth. And yet year after year, with this festering corruption as clear as noonday, the people of the State have, through the force of party drill, sanctioned it with their votes. Approach a liberal member of the opposition party, who is familiar with the management of our improvements, and he will tell you that he has corrupted the whole body politic as far as ignorance extends; and that those who cannot breathe the contamination either silently or approvingly, must fall beneath the merciless proscription of official power.

Such has been the history of our public works, and nothing but a thorough revolution of the system can result in substantial good. We have tried reform, but as often as one abuse has been corrected, a wider and bolder channel of corruption has been opened. We have tried legislation to close the countless avenues of fraud which lead from our improvements to the treasury, but every effort has been crippled by the controlling influence of State patronage. We have appealed to the people to crush the whole system of robbery by which they have to suffer, but party discipline has been too potent for the cause of truth. We have tried to sell them, and the people manfully seconded the effort by an immense popular majority; but Democracy could not spare the patronage and the power they afforded, and the pliant expressed will of the people was indignantly disregarded. At last, however, we were to be relieved of this blistering stain upon our character, and this destroying cancer-prying upon our vitals. A company, composed of a number of the most wealthy and enterprising gentlemen of the State, offered to lease our public works for a term of years, and pay, I believe, a million annually for the use of them. This proposition, by which the State would have been the gainer of the whole amount tendered, it was hoped by all interested persons would be accepted. But again Democracy interposed—it was not yet glutted with official plunder. The offer was rejected, and Democracy continued its career of prodigality.

But by whom was this offer made? Among the gentlemen composing the company were several ex-Canal Commissioners, under whose management of the improvements the State realized little or nothing. As public officers they could bring no new cause to the State; but as individuals, with the same resources, they could calculate a liberal profit for themselves, and then afford a million of dollars annually for the lease. Why was it that such a strange discrepancy existed between the proceeds of the works under their direction, and the offer of the very men who controlled them? Can it be explained in any other way than that this sum is annually squandered by our agents? I have considered this matter carefully, and I must charge it upon the Democratic party, that the men they keep in power are conducting the Commonwealth out of a million of dollars annually! If I am wrong I shall be glad to make the correction, but a general denial will not suffice. For years this corruption has been concealed by the candor of all parties, and if explanation is possible, it is high time it was furnished. I have shown how the expenses of our public works have been more than tripled in five years, and that a fair exhibit of any current year has not been presented to the people of the State in that time; and if this conduct is defensible, I beg the Democratic party to let us have the defence.

And what a spectacle does this present! To see our noble old Commonwealth dragged to the very verge of bankruptcy by the habitual villainy of her agents, and the people still following the delusions of party blindly to sustain it. The general system of transacting business on our public works, would make a man in private enterprise despised in any community, and our Courts would seize him as a felon. He would be degraded as if his very touch were contaminated, and until his operations could be confined to the walls of some hospitable prison, public justice would not be satisfied.

But he is an agent of the State, tomorrow he deals beautifully and shares his plunder liberally with his accomplices, and public opinion seems to have grown strangely indifferent to this species of robbery. And how long will the people of the State, by whose hands long-earned taxes this prodigality is supported, stand idly by, and permit it to run its high-handed career? Is there no remedy for this official villainy? I answer that there is but one hope of substantial reform, and that is THE UNCONDITIONAL SALE OF THE PUBLIC WORKS! And until this be effected, the indications are that the same fatal abuses which are now practiced, and which have been practiced for years, will be practiced still. I grant that we can not realize the cost of their construction—that we must lose heavily in the sale; but we can reduce our State debt nearly one-half, and destroy the great cause of its increase, without reducing our revenue. Why then will we tamely persist in remaining where we are?

section of the State, merely to fill the coffers of our agents and their accomplices, and to be used as a vast machine to crush the honest sentiments of the people? Why will we go on recklessly and spend millions to improve and perfect them, when the expenditure thus far has been worse than a failure? Look at the Allegheny—they are studded with the favorites of the dominant party; and with our treasury just replenished with borrowed capital, contracts have been awarded with the most shameful disregard of fairness; and thousands of dollars have been needlessly expended in the enterprise. Thus we are not only plundered of the resources of our present improvements, but we are plundered again to extend them, and make the field still wider for official favoritism and fraud. And where is the chapter to add? Are we to go on year after year still increasing our annual appropriations, still adding to our debt, and crippling still more the prosperity and progress of our State? If not, when is resolution to begin? Should it begin now, or are there still fresh swarms of corruptors whose thirst for public plunder is yet to be satisfied? We have again and again been driven to the very verge of vitality in our financial operations; and if our improvements are still held by the State, and if millions are yet to be expended on them, in what's midnight of financial despair must a revolution hand us?

An appeal to every candid citizen whether this question should not rise above party considerations. Gentlemen of the Opposition! remember that it is under your sanction that these habitual frauds are practiced. It is by your votes that this infidelity in our public agents is approved and perpetuated. It is by your indifference that Reform has been crushed again and again under the stroke of official power. And what honest man does not blush with shame, when he reflects that he has been to any extent instrumental in sustaining this reckless villainy, where fidelity and integrity are so imperatively demanded?

But shall the public works be sold? I need not ask whether the people will favor the measure, for they have already spoken in terms of decided approbation. But will the Democracy still openly disregard their wishes? They have done so thus far, and with impunity; and as long as they have the patronage and the plunder in their hands, they will continue to do so in spite of all the efforts of the people. They have shown an utter contempt for the petitions of our tax-payers—they seem to care nothing for the crushing burdens they impose upon them, if they can only be permitted to squander our revenue, and increase our debt. But, fellow-citizens, can you follow the Democratic party in its defiance of the popular will? Look at its professions—its claims to be governed by the will of the people, and yet it plants itself above their verdict, and is deaf to their applications for relief. Its very name is a falsehood—a bold, insolent, defiant falsehood—for it cloaks the wildest antagonism to its professions.

That an intelligent and sovereign people should thus kneel at the shrine of party, where their dearest interests are perditionally betrayed, is the most humiliating feature of our system of government is capable of presenting. And if it is persevered in, the reign of a Russian Autocrat could not be more subversive of the general good. Citizens of Pennsylvania!—you who have been bowed down by an imbecile and profligate government; you who have been robbed to give scope to official corruption; you who have been involved in an almost hopeless debt mainly by the treachery of your rulers—IS NOT THE TIME FOR ACTION NOW AT HAND? Will you still groan under misrule, and a deliberate system of villainy, or are you prepared to assert your majesty, to vindicate your honor, and to restore purity and integrity in our government?

Will you still bow to the slavish mandates of a prostituted Democracy, and let it riot in the fruits of your honest toil, or will you burst the shackles of party to secure your own and the Country's good? If you are prepared for this, strike boldly for the unconditional sale of the public works! Let this issue be successful—I care not by whom or by what party, and our good old Commonwealth, which for more than a quarter of a century has been crippled in every element of her gigantic strength, will rise regenerated and disenthralled, to take the high and commanding position among the States of the Union, to which her natural resources and her honest industry entitle her. Strike now! Strike in your name for this Reform, and parties must bow submissively to your will.

Fellow-citizens, I am not here to beg your votes. I care nothing for whatever personal interest I may have involved in this contest. I have a home and a vocation, which are dearer and more congenial to me than any official position you could assign me. But being the youngest candidate ever presented to the people for a State office, and having been placed in that position by the voluntary action of the Whig party, I shall not stop to inquire whether victory or defeat is to reward my efforts. While the old Whig flag waves over me, I shall follow its fortunes through the din and smoke of every battle, and call upon the young Whigs to join their fathers in sustaining the noble cause. I can grant no respite to Pennsylvania Democracy while it is coining corruption from every pore, and while our Commonwealth is the victim of its frauds. Though disaster may again and again confront me, I must ever answer as did the brave leader of the Old Guard at Waterloo—"THE GUARD DIES—IT NEVER SURRENDS!"

Serious Charge.—Wm. Owens, who was the bridge tender at Raponos creek on the New York and Philadelphia railroad at the time the Norwalk massacre came so near being re-enacted there, and who was discharged by the Company; was arrested on the charge of placing an obstruction on the track on Friday night last by which a fireman was killed, the locomotive and train damaged and the lives of the passengers endangered. The jury of inquest returned a verdict implicating him, and the Company immediately presented his arrest.

Rather Matthew's wonderful reform in Ireland seems to need doing over again. The London Spectator states that in 1838, 12,206,242 gallons of whiskey were consumed in that country, which decreased to 2,200,650 gallons in 1842. There was a population of 8,176,000 souls. But now, with a population of 6,813,794 only, we had then 3,206,260 gallons are consumed.



GETTYSBURG:

Monday, September 18, 1853.

WHIG STATE TICKET.

For Capitol Commissioner,
MOSES POWNALL, of Lancaster.
For Auditor General,
A. K. M'CLURE, of Franklin.
For Surgeon General,
CHRISTIAN MEYERS, of Clinton.
For Judge of the Supreme Court,
THOMAS A. RUDD, of Philadelphia.

WHIG COUNTY TICKET.

Senator,
DAVID MELLINGER.
Assembly,
JOHN C. ELLIS.
Commissioner,
JAMES J. WILLS.
Auditor,
DR. EDMUND F. SHORB.
Director of Poor,
JOSEPH BAYLY.
County Treasurer,
GEORGE ARNOLD.
District Attorney,
JAMES G. REED.
County Surveyor,
GEORGE B. HEWITT.

AN APPRENTICE

To the PRINTING BUSINESS will be taken at this Office. An immediate application is desired.

We are requested to say, that the Stores in Gettysburg will be closed in the evening at 7 o'clock, from this time until the 1st of April next.

We call attention to the address of Col. M'CLURE, in the preceding columns, on the subject of the Public Works. It is well worth a perusal; and we hope may not be without its effect upon the public.

A young man named THADDEUS HANAWAY, of this place, has been arrested, and committed for trial, on the charge of having fired the bang of Mr. James Bowen, in 1848. Another individual was arrested on the same charge—but no evidence appearing against him, he was discharged.

A Curiosity. Of Menallen township, has a hen, that, in the past year, has laid 130 eggs—the last one of which he had the curiosity to measure, owing to its great size. It measured 8½ inches by 7; and when broken, contained inside another perfect egg, 6½ inches by 5½—the space between the two filled with the customary albumen—no yolk!

Mr. GEORGE WEAVER, Jr. left with us, a day or two ago, a Peach, which measured 8½ inches in circumference, and weighed 6½ ounces. It was a beautiful specimen of the delicious fruit.

Hunterstown Engl. & Classical Institute. The examination of the students in this Institution will take place on Tuesday the 27th inst., at 9 o'clock, A. M.; and the Exercises on Wednesday evening the 28th, at 7 P. M.

The trial of Robert Swann, for the murder of Wm. O. Sprigg, at Cumberland, Md., in February, 1852, is now in progress at Hagerstown, and is exciting intense interest.

The Cholera has re-appeared at Cumberland, Md. On Tuesday last there were several cases—three of which proved fatal.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania decided a few days ago, at Pittsburgh, that the selling of Liquor on Sunday, by hotel-keepers, whether to boarders or travelers, is contrary to the act of 1794, and is punishable. This settles the matter so that tavern-keepers had better look out.

Immense Import of Iron.

On Monday last, there arrived at New York, from Europe, an enormous quantity of Iron, viz.:—3,941 tons, 5,448 bars railroad, 1,297 tons pig, 34,629 bars, and 19,950 bundles of iron. Just look at the large amount of specie that must be sent from this country to pay for this, when our own mountains are filled with iron and coal, and a proper protection from government would enable us to supply all the demand, and not a dollar go to Europe for any of her iron!

Godley's Lady's Book, for October, is already on our table. It is very handsome and numerously embellished, as usual.

Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine has also been received. It has several very pretty embellishments, and its contents are interesting.

The Ladies' Wreath and Parlor Annual have been united—and present a very pretty Magazine at \$1 per year.

Restitution.—The Union says the Treasurer of the United States, on the 8th inst., received from the Rev. John F. Hickey one thousand dollars, as a restoration to the Treasury of the United States by some person whose name is not given.

New Orleans, Sept. 8.—Two young men employed as clerks in the post office were arrested yesterday, charged with stealing money from the mails, mostly from Texas letters. The amount stolen is believed to be large.

Commencement.

The usual public exercises connected with the Annual Commencement of Pennsylvania College took place during last week. On Wednesday afternoon, the Rev. W. A. PARSONS, of Pittsburg, addressed the Literary Society of the College; and Rev. Dr. MONROE, of Baltimore, the Linnean Association. In the evening, the Rev. J. A. BROWN, of Reading, delivered an address to the Alumni. On Thursday morning the Commencement exercises came off, addresses being delivered by the members of the graduating class, as follows:

Latin Salutatory—By BENJAMIN C. BURSAR, of Chambersburg, Pa.
English Salutatory, with American Literature—By THOMAS J. E. BUCKLE, of York, Pa.
Prophecy—Christianity, in English—By J. B. HANNEY, of Gettysburg, Pa.
Greek Oration—Demosthenes—By WILLIAM F. UGARY, of Donegal, Pa.
Influence of Christianity—By P. DAVID M. HANNEY, of Gettysburg, Pa.
The Last of the Incas—By PETER BRONSTADT, of Solingrope, Pa.
German Oration—Reciprocal Influence of Mind and Matter—By FERDINAND BENKE, of Solingrope, Pa.
The Study of our Country—By ASA H. WATERS, of Pittsburg, Pa.
The Sunny Side of our Country—By DANIEL S. RIDDER, of Clairsville, Pa.
Cardinal Wolsey—By A. NASSERT BAVONER, of Clara Hill, Pa.

Influence of the Reformation—By JOHN SAWWARTZ, of Gettysburg, Pa.
Edmund Burke—By CHRISTOPHER FINE, of Emmittsville, N. J.
The Ocean—By LEVI K. HOOCH, of Shippensburg, Pa.
The Mission of Life—with the VALENTIN TORY, By THOMAS T. TITUS, Harper's Ferry, Va.

Mr. BAUGHEN was excused on account of sickness. Mr. FINE was unavoidably absent; and Mr. HOOCH was absent by permission. The degree of A. B. was conferred on the members of the graduating class, and that of A. M., on the following gentlemen, of the class of 1850; viz.:—G. W. Anderson, D. J. Barrick, J. Bangor, W. J. T. Carroll, J. F. Crocker, J. M. Eichelberger, C. J. Ehrhart, D. Garver, W. F. Greaver, R. G. Harper, Jr., J. K. Kast, S. O. Koopfer, C. Nitterauf, H. Beck, D. Stroth, M. Valentine, D. Worley, and S. Yingling.

The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on DR. JAMES WILLARD, of Jefferson, Md.; Rev. J. N. HOFFMAN, Lebanon, Pa.; Rev. J. F. CAMPBELL, Cumberland, Md.; Rev. J. B. DAVIS, Staunton, Va.

The Baccalaureate Address to the graduating class, by President BAUGHEN, was delivered on the Sabbath morning previous. All the Exercises passed off quite creditably, in the presence of a large and interested audience. The music, which was unusually good, was furnished by an amateur band, under the instruction and superintendence of Dr. DRELMAN.

Robbery. The house of Mr. Johns, in Hamilton township, near "Virginia Mills," was entered on the night of the 7th instant, and robbed of about \$40. The old gentleman and lady, both of whom are deaf, with a son confined to bed with the rheumatic disease, all slept in one apartment, in which was stored some \$800 in silver. On the night in question, the son was aroused from sleep by the noise of silver falling upon the floor, when the villain descended through one of the windows, minus the greater portion of his intended plunder. We believe there is nothing to justify any particular suspicion.—Star.

The U. S. Garrison at Carlisle has been changed by the War Department from a Dragoon to an Infantry post. The distance of the post from the frontiers, where Dragoons are most needed, is the ground assigned for the change.

The storm of Wednesday evening last was very severe at New York, and was accompanied by considerable thunder and lightning. At Philadelphia, it was accompanied by a high wind, tearing down awnings, sheds, &c. On the river it was very rough, and vessels were driven to and fro with great force.

The Rev. Samuel Washburn, the esteemed pastor of the Fifth Presbyterian Church in Baltimore, died at New York on Thursday. He had been in bad health for some months, and has been sojourning for some time at the watering places in New York.

The Whigs of York county had their County Convention on Thursday last, and nominated a complete Whig ticket. For Assembly, John Eichelberger, Frederick Saltzbaugh, and John Bair; Treasurer, G. Edward Hersh; Commissioner, Jacob Bott; District Attorney, Thomas J. Cochran.

A young lady, daughter of Col. Wilson, of South Carrollton, Kentucky, of the highest respectability and character, a few days ago, hearing that a young man had slandered her, armed herself with a revolver, and went in search of him. Upon being questioned by her, he could not, or did not, deny his allegations; and the young lady shot him on the spot!

The number of deaths in New York during the past week was 531, which is an increase of thirty-seven on the mortality of the preceding week. The mortality among children is excessive, three hundred and sixteen having died under ten years of age, and of these one hundred and seventy-seven were under one year.

Female Suicide.—Mrs. Susan Mildereth, wife of Capt. Luther Mildereth, of Jamesport, Long Island, committed suicide by hanging herself in her own home, on the 8th inst. It is said she is the third sister in the family who has taken her own life.

During the recent apparition at the Women's Rights Convention in New York, Lucy Stone appeared to the ladies present to know if they "had forgotten or ceased to respect their mothers?" Upon which a sensible voice from the crowd rebuked her, by saying that "their mothers were not after the manner of Miss Loring."

Late from Europe.

The steamer Niagara arrived on Wednesday, bringing Liverpool dates to Sept. 6. An unsettled and feverish presidential market is announced, with an advance during the week of 60, on four, 82, on wheat and is on corn. Favorable accounts from France had checked operations, but in England the weather had been unfavorable for agricultural pursuits.

The Eastern Question was again occupying public attention. Affairs are said to have become more complicated through the ascendancy of the war party in Turkey. In other respects the news is not important.

The cholera was spreading rapidly throughout the North of Europe. It is rumored that the city of Tula has been almost totally destroyed by an earthquake.

The York Republican says that of the commissioned officers of Capt. M. H. Spangler's company of York volunteers, who marched to the defence of Baltimore, in 1814, Gen. Jacob Burritt, the first Lieutenant, is the only survivor; and the broken ranks of the company show the havoc made by death and disease.

The guano trade with the United States is rapidly increasing. Next year it is expected that it will equal that of England, and in four years more be twice as great. In the month of July last the official returns showed that 1,987 tons had been exported to the United States, and 13,270 tons to England. On the 1st of August there were ninety vessels loading with guano at the Chincha Islands. From the 1st to the 31st July, fifty-five vessels sailed from the same place with full cargoes for the United States and Europe.

It is estimated that not less than four millions of dollars have been spent by the Southerners this summer in sight-seeing and pleasure hunting at the North.

New York Politics.—The Harbors and the Softs.—The exciting scenes which commenced with the assembling of the New York Democratic State Convention, at Syracuse on Tuesday, are attracting much attention, not only in that State, but among politicians generally, in different sections of the country. The contest between the "Softs" and the "Hards," as they are termed, has been renewed with much bitterness, and threatens another open rupture in the ranks of the Democratic party of that State.

Extensive Forgeries.—The New York Tribune says that Mr. Forsyth who sailed suddenly for Europe a few days ago is charged to have committed forgeries to the amount of \$100,000 to \$150,000, principally upon his father and father-in-law, and obtained the money from Kingston, Hudson, Albany and New York. On the day that he left he sold \$6,000 of paper to a broker, which has since been paid by a friend. Mr. F. had always stood high, and in money matters had extensive credit, producing, as occasion required, large amounts of the best securities. Gambling was probably the cause of his delinquency. He owed \$3,000 to one of the most notorious gamblers.

Forging appears to be epidemic, says the New York Tribune, and adds: In addition to Mr. Forsyth we hear of three other instances, all within the past six weeks. In one case the amount was very considerable. Gen. Cass' Letter to the President.—The letter which Gen. Cass is reported to have written to President Pierce, is said to be most cordial. He assures him of his high personal and political regard, and declares President Pierce had so many difficulties to encounter; that his course has been wise, judicious and patriotic; and that the writer will accept no position, under the government, but as Senator the President can rely upon his earnest and hearty support of the administration. Secretary McClelland received a letter of like import.

Distressing Colony.—The house of Mr. James Welch, at Jefferson, Ohio, was burnt on the night of the 29th ultimo, whilst Mr. and Mrs. Welch were absent from home. Two of their sons perished in the flames, one a young man about eighteen years old and the other about six. Four other children escaped, from whose statements it appears that the young man had got them out and returned to get the younger one, but the flames and smoke had filled the house so much that he suffocated before he could return.

Health of Gen. Cass.—The Detroit Free Press says that Gen. Cass is in the enjoyment of most excellent health. Those who saw him a few years ago can now discover few, if any, of the changes that are usually wrought by a half score of years upon men of his age.

The St. Paul Democrat states that a remnant of the once numerous Indian tribe of the Pillagers, in that vicinity, have determined upon celebrating one of their ancient rites, by offering a sacrifice to the evil spirit, and is said that several of the braves have offered to immolate themselves. It is to take place on the 2d of October.

During the recent apparition at the Women's Rights Convention in New York, Lucy Stone appeared to the ladies present to know if they "had forgotten or ceased to respect their mothers?" Upon which a sensible voice from the crowd rebuked her, by saying that "their mothers were not after the manner of Miss Loring."

Two officers of Boston, in the endeavor to break up a counterfeiting gang, assaulted the rogue, and succeeded in getting possession of considerable counterfeit money, when the rogue, "smell the fat," got the officers imprisoned, and before explanations could be made the scoundrels escaped.

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Vermont.

In consequence of the introduction of the prohibitory liquor law, discussion in the politics of Vermont, an election of Governor by the people of that State has been presented, the late contest having resulted in giving the Whigs a plurality, but not an absolute majority. In this juncture, according to the absurd laws of the New England States, the election for State officers devolves upon the Legislature. But the new Legislature shows in its component parts a result similar to that of the vote for Governor, there being a plurality of Whig members but not an absolute majority. Should the Lefebvre and Eric-Soil members of the House form a coalition, they will be the majority of that body. And this it is already proposed to do, the basis being an agreement to elect a Lefebvre Governor and Eric-Soil Senator.

The Washington Union, the national and official organ of General Pierce's administration, rejoices over this abolition victory, which is to throw another abolition member into the United States Senate, and copies from the Free Soil Albany Atlas a paragraph jeering the Whigs for the reverse they have suffered. Perhaps nothing better could be expected of the Union, representing, as it does, an administration which fosters and cherishes the abolition and secession portions of its friends as being the ruling majority.

Scarcity of Breadstuffs.—The New York Courier and Enquirer thus briefly sums up the accounts from Europe of the scarcity of breadstuffs:—


The short wheat crop in Europe is the leading topic of the day. Its reality is no longer questionable. In England, all accounts concur in representing the wheat crop to be much below the average, and the best authorities estimate that the deficiency will require the importation of enormous quantities of wheat from the quarters before the harvest of 1854. In France, which of late years has been a grain-exporting country, and which for the last three years has furnished England with more wheat and flour than any other country, the wheat crop, it is calculated, has fallen off one-fourth, the present year. In large sections of Italy not half a crop is expected. Spain complains of a deficiency, and Sweden has so poor a harvest in prospect, that she is now largely importing from the Baltic. It is true that other grains, particularly barley, oats and rye, have not generally suffered like the wheat, and it is also true that on the continent the stock of wheat which is secured, is generally of a superior quality; but the fact still remains that, on account of a failure in quantity of this chief staff of life, there will soon be a scarcity of food in Europe.

Burning Fluid.—According to a record kept by Mr. E. Mearns, at New York, there were during the year ending September 1st, 1853, some thirty-three fatal and disastrous explosions of burning fluid and kindred preparations, mostly in the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, and vicinity, in which nineteen persons were killed, twenty-three persons fatally or severely injured, three persons slightly wounded, and some three or four buildings fired. The preparations alluded to are burning fluid, camphene, spirit gas, kerosene, etc. In view of these facts, it is designed to memorialize the Legislature to pass a law forbidding the use or sale of these explosives.

Baltimore Association.—Mr. Charles Wine, son of John Wine, the celebrated astronomer, made a beautiful ascension from Shannondale Springs on Thursday week. He landed on the farm of Mr. Elmd Turner, near the mouth of the Opequon creek, in Jefferson county, after being in the air about one hour and fifty minutes.

The California Intelligencer by the Star of the West presents no particular feature of startling interest, but its general complexion is in the highest degree gratifying. The papers now record but few of those shocking outrages against society which were an almost every day record in the earlier career of the new State. Law is upheld and respected in the more populous districts, while at the mines

FARMERS, LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.



MOORE'S PATENT SEED AND GRAIN PLANTER.

THIS Machine was Patented July 2, 1850, and has received the highest premium at all the Exhibitions where it has ever been contested, including Newcastle county, Delaware, &c.

ricultural Society, October 30, 1850; *Indianapolis Agricultural Society*, October 20, 1850, and October 27th, 1850; Maryland State Agricultural Society, October 2nd, 1850, and October 24th, 1851; and Michigan State Agricultural Society, September 23rd, 1851.

THE ABOVE DRILL

Is not liable to get out of repair, is exceedingly simple in its construction, will sow point row in all irregular shaped fields, and possesses superior advantages to all others, in the ease and quickness with which it can be regulated to sow any desired quantity of Grain per acre, while the draft upon the Horse is 22 lbs per acre.

It is the only Drill now in use, that will sow the seed in the furrow, and consequently, will save one-fourth more grain than any other Drill, than with most other machines now in use. The object of the above Drill is to sow the seed in the furrow, and consequently, if the seed is not perfectly cleaned, it is entirely obviated in the Simple and Peculiar Construction of this Drill, as white, chaff and short straw will not interfere in the least with

THE REGULAR DISTRIBUTION OF THE SEED.

It is warranted to distribute the seed evenly, to sow any quantity per acre commonly sown broadcast, to not over-break the grains; to be well made with good materials and durable with proper care.

Having sold about 400 of the above Drills the past season, all of which met with the unqualified approbation of the purchasers, and after careful and thorough experiments which have resulted in still greater Improvements, we now feel warranted to offer the above Drills for Seed and Grain in the manner above described, superior to any other machine FOR THE PURPOSE NOW IN THE MARKET.

Having made arrangements to furnish 1,000 of the above Machines for sale, the country agents; we shall be prepared, at all times, to supply orders without delay.

☞ All orders addressed to the undersigned will warrant prompt attention.

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WM. H. FREE is Agent for Adams County, for the above Drills; and also for the


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A GREAT CURE FOR
DYSPEPSIA!
D^r J. S. HOUGHTON'S

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COMPOUND SYRUP OF
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THIS is a Purely Vegetable Compound, scientifically prepared from the best Roots and Herbs of the Materia Medica, and has gained an unrivalled reputation for the following Effects, viz: Regulating and Strengthening the Liver, and Digestive Organs; and Cleansing the Stomach and Bowels, and thus curing all Bileous Disorders.



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THE TRUE

See Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Costiveness, Piles, Headache, Fever and Ague, London, Nausea, Loss of Appetite, &c., and causing the food to nourish and support every part.

PURIFY THE BLOOD.
 and thus curing all Humors, Eruptions, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scald Head, Canker, Pimples on the face, Blotches, Ulcers, Tumors, Mercurial Poisoning, Glanders, &c., &c., by cleaning the Secretory Organs, and by enabling them to perform their proper functions, preventing and curing many painful and dangerous diseases. Strengthening and Quieting the Nervous System, thus relieving Nervous Irritation, and curing all Diseases of the Nerves, as Hysteria, &c.

DIGESTIVE FLUID,
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PREPARED from Rennet or the fourth Stomach of the Ox after directions of Baron Lussig, the celebrated Chemist, by J. S. Houghton, M.D., Philadelphia, Pa.

"I DIGEST." Such is the true meaning of the word Pepsin. It is the chief element, or Great Digesting Principle of the Gastric Juice—the Solvent of the Food, the Purifying, Preserving and Stimulating Agent of the Stomach and Intestines. It is extracted from the Gastric Glands of the Ox, and is the most perfect and most valuable of all the Digestive Fluids.

It is invaluable in the Cure of all
FEMALE COMPLAINTS
as Weakness, General Debility, Irregularity of Menstruation, Swelling of the Feet, Limbs, Face, Head, &c., also, Long & Thro Complications, as Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrhs, &c., also, Dropsy.

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Half a teaspoonful of Peppin infused in water will digest or dissolve Five Pounds of Roast Beef.

17 The SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE! which it was designed. It is especially valuable in INDIGESTION and all the attendant symptoms, as it causes the food to be digested, and moves Torpor, and inactivity in the Organs, and stimulates healthy action in all the system. As a DEPURATOR or purifier of the Blood it has no equal. PREPARED BY J. H. ROSE, M.D., Providence, R. I. Jan. 4, 1889.
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17

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